

quiet || dreamnotfound

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by [sourschlatt](#)

Summary

he likes the quiet. he likes the way his ears make up for the lack of noise, he likes the way that the silence presses on his ears. he doesn't like the sound of his own voice. he doesn't like the sound of anything

but he likes the sound of dream's voice.

and dream wants to like the sound of george's too.

(warning: this story seems like it moves fast, but usually the chapters take place several days apart! it's meant to be a short story!)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

introduction

the silence was pressing, and he loved it.

george laid in the bed; dream's bed, to be exact, with his friends surrounding him. sapnap was on the ground next to him, his head resting on the side of the mattress and his phone in his hand and his eyes glued to the screen. dream sat on the other side of the room, sitting in the beanbag chair and also glued to his phone.

it had been only 2 days since dream had flown him and sapnap out to his home in florida, and george still had yet to say a word to either one of the boys. then again, he hadn't spoken much to them even before he had arrived, opting most of the time to text them or only speak one or two words in response to something. he never spoke a full sentence to anyone.

and yet, without ever properly having a verbal conversation with his friend, he had fallen head over heels in love with dream.

however, even though the two never really sharing a verbal conversation, there was little about the other that they didn't know. just because they hadn't shared a verbal conversation, it didn't mean that they didn't stay awake until the late hours of the night texting one another and having conversations about anything and everything. their pasts, their families, what they liked to order at restaurants, and things that downright had no importance to either of them at all.

and george wouldn't have it any other way.

dream was pretty respectful on not trying to get george to talk, despite the brunette having never told him why, exactly he didn't really speak to anyone. of course, there were times with the taller male got frustrated, and that was understandable, wasn't it? wouldn't anyone get frustrated when their friend wouldn't speak to them? of course they would, so george never let that fact bother him.

"guys!"

george flinched at the sudden loud noise that came from beside him, his eyebrows furrowing as he turned his head to the side to see the source of the noise.

sapnap had set his phone down, now sitting more towards the middle of the floor to face dream. george sat up from his position at this, his hands moving behind him to support his weight. his head turned towards dream, meeting the green eyes that were already looking at him, yet the gaze was gone the moment that his own eyes met it.

and if he hadn't known better, george could have sworn that dream's face had been dusted pink.

"what is it?" dream asked, setting his own phone down next to him, whatever the male had been doing now forgotten as he turned his full attention to the boy sitting in his floor.

that was one thing that george always admired about dream. the way that he always gave someone his full attention. the way that he dropped everything to talk to someone and made sure that it was obvious that they had his attention. that was only one thing out of the long, long list of things that made george's heart race.

"can we do something?" sap asked, and that caused george to rip himself out of his thoughts, a faint burning rising its way to his cheeks and causing him to look down at his lap and begin chewing on the inside of his cheek as he awaited the response that surely was soon to sound from across the

room soon enough.

"uh, yeah, i guess so. what do you wanna do?"

there was a hum, and george finally looked up, turning his head to look at sapnap, who was staring at him with his eyebrows raised.

george mocked the expression, raising his eyebrows and shaking his head. it was one of those moments where someone would probably chime in a sarcastic sounding 'what?', but he opted for a soft hum instead. sapnap rolled his eyes and shook his head, looking at george expectantly one more time.

"nick, you know he isn't going to give you an actual response, right?" dream's voice chimed in after watching his two friends for a moment. sapnap still had his eyes glued to george, cocking an eyebrow now as he let a small chuckle escape his lips.

"no, i know. i just figured that i would give it a shot."

laughter sounded from the two boys, and even george let a small giggle escape his lips.

it was going to be a long, long month.

pretty

Chapter Summary

george admires the stars and dream joins him.

Chapter Notes

also i wanna preface this this fic will probably be short. i dont really have many plans for it and i literally only started this to work on my writing after not writing for so long :) there won't be many chapters, i dont think, and i dont think that the chapters will be exceptionally long.

the air was cool, the soft breeze that caressed george's skin was welcoming. the moonlight that streamed down from the sky and painted his skin was also welcome. he loved night time. he loved the moon, he loved the breeze, he loved the trees and the way that they swayed. however, he could do without the sound of the wind. he could do without the sound of the leaves and the crickets and the frogs. he could do without it all, and he wished that there was some way for him to completely block out the sound.

george did he best do ignore all the inconveniences, deeming himself simply too picky and allowing himself to come to terms with the fact that he couldn't just get rid of nature.

he hated that noise had been ruined for him. he hated that he couldn't stand the sound of people talking for long periods of time. he hated the fact that he couldn't listen to music without getting a headache, or listen to the sounds of nature and admire the way that the frogs croaked and the way the crickets chirped.

he hated the way that he couldn't stand hearing his own voice.

george let out a sigh, falling backwards onto the grass, ignoring the way that it tickled his pale flesh and caused it to become slightly irritated. he placed his hands on his stomach, his eyes staring directly upwards towards the dark sky.

at least he could admire beauty.

since george couldn't see sunrises or sunsets properly, he had taken quite a liking to night time. he liked the way the black sky was dotted with white, yet if you looked at the white spots for a little too long, they started to change colors. the soft yellows and pale blues. he was sure that if he could actually see the rest of the color of the stars, he would be even more in love with the night.

george let a soft smile tug at his lips, his fingers fiddling with one another as he let his eyes roam the sky. he took in the infinite amount of stars, the moonlight and the moon itself.

beauty.

george didn't consider many things beautiful. maybe that was simply due to his negative outlook on life, but he couldn't find beauty in most things. there was a very small list, and george admired them with every chance that he got.

night time. flowers. art.

dream.

just the thought of his friend caused george's cheeks to flare up, biting down gently on his bottom lip.

despite being alone, the british man didn't allow himself to have a physical reaction besides the blush that crept up his neck.

he hated being in love. he hated being in love with his *best friend*. it was almost miserable. *almost*.

george let out another sigh, closing his eyes. why did things have to be this way?

george was in love before he knew what dream looked like. in fact, he hadn't known what he looked like up until the point that he had landed at the airport and seen dream for the first time. he remembered it all so, so vividly.

there he was. dream. standing there in front of him, in the flesh. it felt like the air had been knocked out of his lungs, and he felt himself go dizzy. he never thought that he would have this sort of reaction upon seeing another human being.

dream had a large smile on his face, and george could have sworn that the smile before him was the most beautiful ones that he had ever seen before in his life, and there was no one out there that could ever compete with it. he trailed his eyes upwards, taking in the light freckles that dusted his best friend's cheeks. it was like each and every discoloration was carefully chosen by an artist, like they knew just what people would find beautiful.

george let his eyes go up more, and finally met dream's eyes. he knew they were supposed to be green, but to him they were just a mix of shades of yellow, yet, somehow, they were the most beautiful color that he had ever seen in his entire life. his eyelashes were perfect too, dark against his skin and shaping his eyes perfectly. god, how was this even legal?

even his eyebrows. what?

and his wavy hair that shaped his face perfectly. the length was perfect, the waves perfect. everything was perfect.

dream was perfect.

george's eyes opened when he heard the sound of the back door opening. what? surely it was super late, shouldn't whoever this asleep? or rather, at least be in bed?

he sat up, but he didn't turn around to see who was approaching him. he did, however, take note of the footsteps that were approaching him, and then took note about how they stopped beside him.

he did turn his head at this.

there he was.

dream was standing there, his hair a mess from what george could only assume was tossing and

turning in his bed in an attempt to get to sleep. even from this angle, his friend looked perfect. it simply wasn't *fair*.

nothing was fair.

"you know it's, like, almost 4 in the morning, right?" dream cut through the silence, finally sitting down next to his best friend, but not looking at him. he didn't know if he could handle seeing george illuminated by the moonlight. not now. not yet.

george only let out a hum in response. that was probably the best that he was going to get.

dream chuckled, and george had to force himself to calm his rapidly beating heart.

"i was going to ask you why you were out here, but i guess i'm not really going to get an answer, am i?"

george didn't say anything, but turned his eyes away from his friend and turned them back to the sky above them. at least he could divert his gaze. it was getting almost overwhelming seeing dream underneath this lighting.

saying one word wouldn't hurt, right? it's not like he had never spoken a word to his friend before. part of him didn't want to, wanted to stay silent and let the silence encompass him again. however, he couldn't seem to stop himself from clearing his throat, preparing his voice to speak a word after days of not being used.

"pretty."

that was all he said, and even that made anxiety rise in his chest, and he physically had to restrain himself from cringing. he hated his voice. he *hated* it.

dream was staring at him now, his lips slightly parted at he processed the fact that george had actually spoken a word to him. it was only one word. six letters. that's all it was, but somehow it was enough to send dream's heart into a race.

george tried to ignore the burning gaze, tried to ignore the blush that was creeping up his neck at the stare. he tried to ignore the anxiety in his chest and how badly he wanted to stand up and go inside and lock himself in the guest bedroom and admire the night sky from the window. it would be quieter in there, at least. and he wouldn't have to deal with the gaze that was burning into the side of his face.

after what felt like an eternity, the hole being burned into the side of his face went away, and out of the corner of his eye, he could see dream turn his head towards the sky, a small smile on his lips.

"you're right, george. it is very pretty."

not as pretty as you.

george nodded, his fingers fiddling with one another once again as his eyes darted between the stars, giving himself the task to look at each and every individual star in the sky. giving himself a task like that surely would make him focus on something else other than the anxiety that was swirling in his chest.

they were there forever it seemed, sitting in silence, of course as quiet as it could be, enjoying each others company. one moment it seemed like dream had just sat down, and the next, the stars were slowly starting to disappear and the black sky was beginning to turn a lighter shade. george

stretched, letting out a soft groan as he sat up, and he looked over to his side.

dream was laying on his back, one hand on his chest and the other behind his head. his eyes were closed, his lips slightly parted, and soft, even breaths were slipping through.

george liked the sound of dream's breathing.

the brunette swallowed, reaching out and tucking a stray strand of hair behind his friend's ear.

"pretty."

and with that, george stood up and went inside to fetch his friend a pillow and a blanket.

ocean

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

it was a few days after the night time incident, and dream hadn't spoken on the matter. at least, not that george was aware of.

it was approaching the end of their first week together. that left only three more, and even though that was plenty of time, george still felt a pit in his stomach. simply the *idea* of leaving was enough to make a lump form in his throat and an uneasy feeling to settle in his stomach.

as much as he wasn't exactly enjoying the extreme heat of florida and the humid air that surrounded him every time he went outside and always, without fail, made his skin sticky, he was having the best time of his life here with his best friends. even if sapnap was a questionable character at times.

"okay, boys." sapnap chimed in from where he was sitting next to dream on the couch. george was sitting on the other side of the room, his knees to his chest as he turned his head to look at nick, raising his eyebrows curiously as he awaited to hear what in the world this man now had on his mind.

"can we go out today? maybe, like, go to the beach or something? i'll pay for us to-"

"no." dream said from his spot on the couch, glancing at george and then turning to nick.

"oh come on man! it's no fun to just sit in here and-"

"no, i didn't mean-" dream let out a wheeze, his hand covering his face as he laughed.

god that *laugh*.

"no, i meant that you weren't paying for anything. you're the guest, stupid, i'm not going to make you pay for us. we can go to the beach if you guys want. doesn't matter to me."

both of the boys looked at george, their eyebrows raised. were they asking for him to decide? oh god.

the idea of being shirtless in front of anyone, especially in front of dream, wasn't exactly one of the most appealing thoughts. he was skinny, and had very little muscle on his body. it's not that he wasn't toned, he just wasn't *fit*. he really didn't want to have anyone look at him. he didn't want to feel someone's judgement.

even with his growing discontent, he nodded. and it would be worth being uncomfortable if it meant that he could see that excitement on his friends faces for the rest of the day.

it would be worth being uncomfortable if it meant he could see dream smile.

"awesome! i packed an extra pair of swim trunks for you, george. i figured you probably wouldn't have any. you know, living in london and all." sapnap teased, his voice turning into a really bad impression of a british accent as he stood and made his way to his own room, only to what george assumed was to his suitcase to fetch the swim trunks.

george rolled his eyes, scoffing as he turned his attention to dream. he shook his head, a silent conversation between the two boys that caused the blonde boy to laugh, but also stand up and make his way to the hallway.

"hey, george?" dream stopped in his steps, his back still facing the british boy. he only turned when he heard a hum in response, a small smile tugging on his lips as he took in the small state of his friend.

"thank you. for the other night. for the blanket and the pillow."

george flushed, trying to fight the butterflies in his stomach as he waved a hand nonchalantly, giving dream a small smile in return.

"and thank you for letting me watch the stars with you. it was very pretty."

god, why was it so *hot*?

the boys had arrived at the beach, settling for a secluded corner where they were away from people. even though dream had never shown his face to his audience, sapnap had and it wouldn't be hard for someone to make the correlation that, oh, sapnap was in florida. oh, there's george, too. oh, that must be dream. anyone with any common sense could figure that out.

the sun was hot. the sand was hot. the pavement was hot. it was annoying, honestly.

"god, dream, how do you live in this?" sapnap whined from their spot, his hands shielding his face from the sun as they set up their towels and the small cooler they had brought along.

"you get used to it. it's not that bad. stop being a little bitch about it." dream teased, a small chuckle escaping his lips, but turning into more of a laugh when he heard george choke behind him.

"this isn't fair. you're not supposed to be bullying me. i'm the guest, remember?" sapnap spoke, crossing his arms over his chest as he watched dream take the sunscreen out of the cooler.

who put sunscreen in a cooler?

"shut up, snapmap."

george was giggling now, sitting down on his towel as he looked out to the ocean. it was gorgeous, at least. miserable heat, but such a gorgeous view. maybe this was another thing that he could add to his list of things he found beautiful. the ocean.

he had been to beaches before, but this one was the prettiest he had seen so far. sparkling blue water, an open blue sky, the sun casting shadows everywhere, making them look golden.

the way it made dream look golden.

"hey, george?"

the brit hummed and turned his head, expecting to see dream looking down on him, but what he *didn't* expect was for his friend to be shirtless.

george tore his head away quickly, his face feeling hotter than the sun itself as he cleared his throat, placing his hands over his face.

"oh geoooooorge, come *on*. i need your help putting sunscreen on, nick is an ass and wont help me."

oh god. this was it. he was literally going to die out here.

george nodded, dropping his hands from his flushed face and motioning for dream to sit down in front of him. at least like the he wouldn't have to worry about his friend seeing his red cheeks.

dream sat, handing george the bottle of sunscreen over his shoulder. george took the bottle with shakey hands, popping the cap and putting some of the white substance into his hands. *fuck*.

the brunette swallowed, finally allowing himself to look at the exposed flesh in front of him, and reach out. he couldn't take too long. he didn't want to be weird.

he reached out, and the moment his hand came into contact with dream's skin, he felt like he was going to combust. it was so warm. the skin was so warm. dream was so warm.

it was so *warm*

george's hands were shaking despite his better judgement, his hands roaming the skin before him and spreading the sunscreen. he swallowed, his hands now working across dream's broad shoulders, down the back of his arms. down his back, across his spine.

spreading. learning.

he was learning so much.

dream was so beautiful.

there were no words spoken between them, but there didn't need to be. there was nothing to say.

george's hand were eager, spreading the sunscreen over dream's skin as an excuse to explore every inch of the skin before him.

was he being weird? god, he was being weird.

"thanks, georgie. do you want me to get you?" dream asked, turning around and gazing at his friend.

pretty.

george shook his head, giving dream a small smile and placing the sunscreen away. he shifted away, shrinking in on himself slightly.

"you okay?" dream questioned, furrowing his eyebrows in concern, turning his body so that he was properly facing george now.

the smaller boy nodded quickly, a smile gracing his features to solidify his statement. he was more than okay, actually, even if he was internally panicking, even if his hands were still shaking and his body was boiling from the sun and the fire burning inside of him from the contact that he had just experienced. maybe he was just touch starved. yeah, that was it. that was why his body was reacting like this, not because he was madly in love with the boy that was sitting before him.

he would be lucky if he survived this trip.

dream nodded, but let his stare on george linger for one moment, before he grinned and turned

toward the ocean, where sapnap was in the water and calling to them to join him.

when george knew dream was out of ear shot, the british boy sighed and opened his mouth.

"you're so pretty."

Chapter End Notes

im not super proud of this chapter, tbh, but i also dont hate it. im still getting used to writing, so im sorry about the inconsistencies! enjoy george's gay panic lol

please

george was sitting in front of the window, his elbow resting on the windowsill and his chin resting in the palm of his hand. the room was dark, the only light illuminating the room being the moonlight that was streaming in. the only sound that resounded through the walls were the sound of his sniffles. the only thing he was aware of was the stars and the warmth that was streaming down his cheeks and his neck.

he hated crying, but mostly for the reason that he made way too much noise.

tonight had started as peaceful. the moment the sun had set and the stars had started to come out, he had stood from his spot on the couch next to dream and waved, the only sign that he was calling it a night and disappearing to the room that dream had so nicely let him stay in without question the moment dream had told him that he was flying him and saturday out.

it was a day that george had spoken more than just a few words. not many, not at all, but more than usual.

he had been so happy. he still was happy, to an extent at least. the happiness only lasted while he was with his friends, and the moment that they left he was sad again.

he was tired of being sad.

george had been sitting in the same position for hours. surely it was at least 2 in the morning, and he had left the living room at around 8pm.

it started with him just staring, and then next thing he knew, it was pitch black outside, there was no noise coming from any room in the house, and there were tears streaming down his face.

there were so many different reasons that he could be crying. maybe because he was in so deep for his best friend. maybe it's because he was leaving florida in three weeks. maybe it's because he couldn't even stand hearing his own voice, and he couldn't have a proper conversation with someone without pulling out his phone to text them his response.

maybe it's because he simply hated himself, and there was nothing that he could do about it.

a choked sob sounded from george's mouth, and he turned his head away from the window, the light from the moon suddenly becoming overwhelming and causing his head to throb.

this was another reason he hated crying. the headaches that made his head feel like it was going to explode at any given moment.

george stumbled back from the window, closing the blinds as quickly as he could and made his way to the bed in the center of the room.

god he fucking hated crying. he felt so *weak*.

george sat in the middle of the bed and brought his knees to his chest, wrapping his arms around himself to keep his body in the position. there was no one else to hold him, and even if there was, would he even allow them to hold him? was he even worth being held when everyone was dealing with their own deep set problems? maybe there was no one better to hold himself than him.

maybe dream.

simply the thought of those green eyes and that dirty blonde hair sent the tears coming more rapidly.

george had never been in love before. at least, not love as everyone else had described it. but when he met dream and got to actually know him, he felt it. the way his mind was flooded with thoughts and scenarios that were simply unrealistic. maybe that was the part that hurt the most. besides the playful flirting, there was nothing between them. there was no chemistry. and if there was, it was all one sided and simply mentally made up. ones of them waking up next to each other, or holding each others hands, or whispering sweet nothings to each other in the late hours of the night simply because they could.

scenarios where dream would walk up behind him and wrap his arms around his waist, pressing soft kisses to his head and his jaw and his neck, and george would turn around and say he loved him just because he liked saying it.

he always got way too invested, and that was what made his heart break. he wanted something that he couldn't have, and it was as simple as that.

a knock sounded at the door, and george forced himself into silence. he was sure it was too late for his cries to not be heard, but maybe if he was silent the person would leave.

of course, that wasn't the case, as he still couldn't stop himself from sniffing.

the door opened to reveal dream, his eyes slightly glazed over with tiredness and his hair a mess.

"george? oh my god, are you okay?"

--

seeing george in that state was probably the most heartbreaking thing that he had ever seen.

he knew that his friend had problems. he knew that he struggled, but he didn't know that it went as far as to be locked away in a guest room for hours crying, isolated away from everyone else.

george simply nodded in response to his question, and dream shook his head, approaching the bed. he sat down in front of the british boy, and he slowly reached a hand out.

when george flinched away, dream felt his heart crack into a million pieces.

the blonde boy placed his hand down next to george, the contact there and ready should george ever need it. the words of that statement went unspoken, but the way george nodded when he saw the movement, dream knew that they didn't need to speak about the offer.

"i don't know how to comfort you, george. i wish i did, but i don't know what's wrong and i really don't want to try and push you to speak to me."

george let out a pathetic laugh, the sound choked with his tears. god, dream wished that he could just take everything away. he really, really wished he could take it all away like magic. he wished he could magically code something and the moment he pressed enter all the sadness from george would be gone. vacant. nonexistent.

there was a quiet cry, and dream felt the back of his eyes start to burn. he refused to let himself cry, not at a time like this.

george looked down at dream's hand, and dream took note of the gaze.

"do you want my hand, george?"

"please."

dream's heart was on the verge of shattering into billions of pieces.

george didn't deserve this. he didn't deserve all the sadness that he was feeling. his voice sounded broken. exhausted. it was the most heartbreaking thing that dream had ever seen in his entire life, and he would gladly bet every single penny that he owned on that.

he reached his hand out, placing it carefully on his friend's shoulder, and george collapsed into him.

dream was thrown off, his body nearly falling off the bed, but he managed to catch himself, and then wrapped his arms around george as quickly as he could. he pulled the smaller boy to his chest, shifting slightly so that he was wrapping himself protectively around george.

"hey, it's okay." he said quietly, having to move so that his mouth was closer to george's ears, and he wasn't sure if he would be heard over the sound of the british boy crying. "it's all gonna be okay."

george shook his head, even laughing. his head was still buried in dream's chest, his hands latching onto his friend's shirt. he was never going to get this chance again. he was never going to be this close to dream ever again. why was george doing this to himself? he was crying about how badly in love he was with his friend, crying over a life that he wanted that he knew he couldn't have, yet here he was, clinging to dream because he was selfish and wanted to have this one moment.

"you're okay, george. i promise."

dream felt his small friend shift, and he moved his head back to look down. george was peering at him, his cheeks and his nose red, his eyes puffy and face wet from the tears.

"i'm not okay, dream."

and with that, dream felt his heart shatter.

clay.

Chapter Summary

waking up in unknown arms shouldn't be as welcoming as it was.

Chapter Notes

this chapter is gonna be kinda short, but probably more happy. a pick-me-up chapter, if you will.

the sunlight was what woke george up. it was like the star had aligned so that it shone through the blinds at just the right angle to hit him directly in his eyes. he would have gotten annoyed, but a new problem had arose. and it was much, much bigger than the sun.

there was a pair of arms wrapped securely around him, and it didn't seem like they were going to be letting him go any time soon.

once he took notice of the arms around him, it was almost like a chain reaction of taking in the details. there was a warm body pressed against his own, his back flush to the person's behind him. there were soft breaths hitting the back of his neck, making his hair stand up and goosebumps to arise on his skin. there was warmth seeping into him at all possible angles.

the memories of last night came flooding back like a tidal wave, suffocating him in his own thoughts.

george remembered most of the night, but he didn't remember falling asleep. he also most certainly did not remember being put underneath the covers and being held like he was some sort of priceless porcelain doll.

but that meant that the person holding him was-

oh god.

george swallowed down his panic, ignoring the way that it hurt due to the lack of hydration. he would have gone and gotten some water if he could actually move. he felt trapped, but in the best possible way.

the british boy carefully turned in dream's arms, turning around to face the boy.

the faces were inches apart, and if the blonde would have been awake, george may have scrambled away and rushed to a different part of the house. hell, he might have even booked a flight and gone back to london out of embarrassment. but right now, he had time. he had time to admire the most gorgeous thing that he, personally, had ever seen on this planet.

almost subconsciously, george reached a hand out, his fingertips dancing along dream's cheekbone, his touches remaining as light as they possibly could as to not wake his sleeping friend.

george's hand roamed, his fingertips touching every freckle, every scar, every small bump that rested on clay's face.

clay.

this was real.

"clay." he whispered, his fingertips now tracing the outline of clay's lips,

clay.

clay.

clay.

he was in love with clay.

dream- clay- stirred, but his eyes remained closed.

there wasn't an ounce of panic rising in george's chest at the movement.

his fingers kept dancing. kept moving. his thumb traced dream's lips, then moved to the bridge of his nose, feeling downwards.

they played across dream's cheeks, then down to his jaw.

"clay."

around his neck.

back up.

learning, once again.

he was in love.

dream's breathing became less even, his eyes slowly fluttering open.

"george?" he asked tiredly, his grip around his friend tightening slightly, pulling him ever so closely.

george's fingers didn't stop, his eyes roaming dream's face as he learned.

"george." dream whispered, swallowing down the lump in his throat and forcing away the blush on his cheeks. trying to, at least.

he looked so pretty like this, george thought. his blonde hair messy and sticking up in unnatural ways. his pink tinted cheeks, and his tired green eyes.

"clay."

dream's eyes widened slightly at the mention of his name coming so softly from george's lips. was he dreaming? surely this wasn't real. this was all fake. this wasn't happening.

george's fingers moved to his hair, and gave the locks a gentle tug, and then pushed them back.

oh god, this was real.

"clay."

dream didn't know what to do. what was he supposed to do in this sort of situation? he was in shock, both from how he was being touched to the fact that george was speaking. not only was he speaking, he was speaking *a lot* . at least a lot more than usual.

and it was only that. it was the fact that the british boy was speaking his name. he was saying it over and over. like a mantra. like he was saying his name as if he needed it to survive.

"*george.*"

brown eyes met green.

they were in love.

woah

their hands roamed.

it wasn't just george now. the moment their eyes had met and dream had felt that undeniable feeling, his hands started moving. the went up george's back, to the back of his neck.

the contact sent shivers down the brit's spine, but he didn't let himself react. not yet.

dream's hands went to his hair.

another chill.

his face.

oh god.

"you're so pretty."

george reacted then, his face coming forward so that their foreheads were resting against one another. this was wrong. this was wrong. *this was wrong*. dream smiled softly, his hands coming up to cup george's cheeks. it was almost like they were going to kiss. they were so close. everything was so close. their breaths were mingling, their bodies practically having no space between one another. they were in love. they were leaning in, leaning in. any second now. "guys?"

george threw himself backwards out of instinct, his cheeks burning to the point that he felt that his skin might actually melt off.

"*what?*" george hissed out, and sapnap gasped. so loud to the point george was sure that everyone in the entire damned neighborhood would have heard him.

"dream! dream, tell me you heard that!"

dream gave no response, his eyes still locked on george as if he was the only one in the room.

"man, i knew it was shocking that george spoke but i didn't think that it would leave you speechless. kind of ironic, if you ask me." sapnap said, his voice way too light hearted for a situation such as this one. as if he hadn't walked in on his two best friends about to kiss.

george was still on the floor, his knees coming up to his chest as he rested his chin on his knees, looking towards his friend staring in the doorway, waiting for something to happen.

and something did happen.

dream stood and moved faster than george knew any human could.

"whoa-"

sapnap was shoved out of the room, and the door was quite literally shut in his face.

next thing he knew, george was being pulled to his feet, and then against something solid.

"wh-"

he looked up, and dream was staring directly at him, the look in his eyes something that couldn't possibly be mistaken. he knew that look. it was the same way he looked at the blonde. it was the way that his parents used to look at each other.

"clay-"

there were lips against his own.

george's world turned into nothing but the feeling of dream against him.

please.

Chapter Notes

just a little warning: things get a little heated! by heated, i mean sexual. nothing super explicit, but i just wanted to warn you before you went on! there's a warning when it starts and when it stops if you want to skip it :)

george could still feel dream's lips on his own. he could still feel the lingering feel of them. he could feel the tingling.

his face was still burning.

almost 3 days ago it had happened.

there had been little spoken between them about it. between him and dream, at least. sapnap was having a field day with the new found information. every chance he got, he was teasing the two about it. of course, dream just laughed it off, as he could most any situation. george, on the other hand...

his heart raced every time. his cheeks flushed even more than they had been, and his mouth twitched upward every time. his hands would shake slightly. the feeling was welcome, and the anxiety about the situation had been long gone.

it was night again. george was standing outside, his head tilted upwards as he looked at the stars.

this is where they always found each other alone.

soft music played from a speaker.

all i want by kodakline was a song that was played often, as it was one of the few that george could listen to without getting a headache. at least it was a start, right?

george smiled softly, knowing who was behind him.

soft footsteps approached, and then arms were wrapped around his waist and a face was buried in his neck.

"hello."

a kiss to his neck was the only response.

george still didn't talk much. he barely said any words unless he was alone with dream, which seemed to only happen at night. but nonetheless, he was speaking to his friends more and that was all that matter. sapnap was positively thrilled at the advancement of being able to have even a sliver of conversation with george.

george raised his hand and placed it in dream's dirty blonde locks, tilting his head back onto his lover's shoulder. is that what they were? lovers? it seemed to be, but it remained unspoken between them. they didn't need a label.

the lips on his neck roamed, going up to his jaw. his cheek. his temple.

he was so deeply in love.

george turned his head away from the stars, turning his body so that he was now standing face to face with dream.

the moonlight lit up his features, making his face look sharp. every curve and angle.

making him look perfect.

"you're so pretty."

dream smiled down at george, his arms still wrapped protectively around him.

they hadn't kissed since that night. there never seemed to be a good moment. dream was a hopeless romantic, he wanted his next kiss with george to be something that they wouldn't forget. he had merely acted upon impulse that first time.

though not a single fiber in his being regret it.

the music was still playing softly behind them, the sound coming playing distantly from the speaker of dream's phone.

"you're one to talk."

the blush that painted george's cheeks was forever burned into dream's brain.

the song changed, something lowfi that was simply background noise now.

"is this okay? the music? i don't want it to-"

"it's gorgeous."

clay let out a soft breath, pulling george's body closer to his own.

the brunette's arms went around his neck.

was this the moment?

george let out a soft giggle.

yes it was.

"can i?"

"please."

dream took the words and acted upon them without another thought. he leaned downwards, their foreheads resting against one another just like they had that morning. george's hands were playing with the hairs on the back of dream's neck, and dream's fingers were playing with the hem of george's shirt. the shirt that was just a bit too big for him and that looked oddly familiar. oddly enough, it seemed to match the shirt that he had lost in the laundry.

"is that my shirt?" dream asked, chuckling slightly when george giggled once again, shaking his head and a look of feigned innocence spreading onto his face.

"no?" the word came out as more of a question than anything else.

that's when dream closed the gap between them, their lips connecting once again. they moved in sync, both of their faces feeling like fire, the touches against the other boy sending sparks through their bodies. they pressed against one another, neither of the boys wanting there to be any distance between them. not right now.

how were they going to handle it when george went back to london? how were they going to handle having 4,386 miles between them when they could barely handle there being a inch separating them?

dream's hands slightly rose upwards, lifting up george's shirt just enough so that he could feel the boy's skin.

(A LITTLE WARNING: things do get just a little spicy here, just a fair warning. nothing too extreme, i dont think. just spicy)

george hissed into his mouth, and the older took it as an opportunity to swiftly slide his tongue into the other's mouth, and then the smaller of the two shut up.

their explored the other's mouth, and dream could feel the rest of his body heating up. everything was hot. everything burned in the best way possible.

george's hands moved from their spot on dream's neck and went to his chest, and promptly moved downwards at a painfully slow pace.

fuck.

it only took a second for george's fingers to be hooked onto the belt loops of dream's jeans, and then he was tugging the other's waist against his own. the mere contact caused a whine to escape both of their mouths, and the sound was forever burned into both their minds.

"fuck, clay."

dream groaned, pulling his mouth away from george's. he moved his body, but only long enough to grab george's waist and move to the side of the house.

he pushed george up against the panels, his smaller body trapped between dream's own.

"say my name again."

george whined, and the sound drove clay *crazy*.

"say it."

"clay."

their lips were connected again, one of clay's hands moving to raise george's thighs up, wrapping his leg around his waist, the other one going underneath the other's shirt again.

george pulled away, breathing heavily. clay looked at him through his eyelashes, his lips parted as he also attempted to catch his breath. the sights before them were going to keep them up tonight.

"clay."

"fuck."

lips were on his neck in an instant, and george let out a soft moan, his head tilting back and hitting the panels of the side of the house. the feeling of clay sucking on his skin was intoxicating, and he wasn't sure he was ever going to recover from this. ever.

he gasped when he felt the teeth sink into his neck, then a tongue run over it.

"oh my god."

george's hand were shaking as they slid underneath clay's shirt, feeling the skin. they went everywhere he could easily access, his fingers shaking. everything was shaking. this was all so much to handle.

clay had moved to a new spot now, sucking a new spot into the flesh.

marking. that's what he was doing. marking.

clay was marking him.

"i'm yours."

those words brought the kissing to a pause, and his hips bucked forward, causing friction between them that george hadn't realized he wanted until he got it and a gasp escaped his lips.

"say it again."

"yours."

another thrust.

this was going to be the death of both of them.

clay pulled away from george's neck, his hand coming upward to rub his thumb over the bruises that were now forming on the british boy's skin.

"mine?"

"all yours."

there was no thrust to meet his words that time, but that was okay. clay had instead leaned downward and connected their lips, but this time, there was much less lust to it. this time, it was soft. it was more passionate. saying all the things that remained unsaid between both of them.

(END OF SPICY :))

clay dropped george's leg from his waist, and he slowly pulled himself backwards. the taller of the two reached out and grabbed george's hands, bringing them up between them so that their fingers could lace. it was everything that george could have ever wanted.

"so, does this mean...?"

george tilted his head to the side, furrowing his eyebrows in confusion.

"god, you're so cute."

george groaned and moved forward, hiding his flushed face in dream's chest. he was the perfect height. george was perfect.

"does this mean that we're together?"

there was no response from george, and that sent worry through dream, but he didn't let himself get too far down that rabbit hole. not yet. he still did have to take into consideration that george didn't speak a lot, right? surely that was it.

a minute had passed and there was still no response, yet george hadn't moved. he was still cuddled up to dream, which was a good sign.

"you don't have to answer-"

"boyfriend."

any lingering doubt that dream had about what they had faded away upon hearing that word.

dream smiled, unlacing his fingers from george's to grab the sides of his head and move it away from his own chest.

dream leaned down, his smile growing when he saw the brunette's blush and his own smile, and the silver that lined his eyes. george was crying.

"boyfriend it is, then."

and their lips connected again, and the world around them was gone entirely.

authors note

hi! sourschlatt here.

i just wanted to thank you guys so much for the support. reading your comments and replying to you makes me super excited. you guys are the best, and im truly so happy that you are all enjoying the story as much as i enjoy writing it.

on the topic of writing the story:

i am at a complete loss as to where to go with it. originally, this was going to be a chapter. i had 2 whole (different) chapters written for this and the both ended up getting deleted because i wasn't happy with how it turned out, and i didnt want to publish something half assed that you guys might not enjoy.

so, here is my question for you all:

what do you want to read?

what would you like for the three of them to do together? do you want more sapnap content? maybe some dream and sapnap moments or george and sapnat moments? more dreamnotfound content?

im truly lost, and if there is anything that you guys would like to see, please let me know! it would help me put out something that you guys want to see :)

i hope you are all having a wonderful day/night. you are all amazing. make sure you're drinking water and eating properly. take care of yourself. i love u.

see you next chapter,

sourschlatt

blissful

Chapter Notes

hi it's been like a month since i last updated i am... so sorry oh my god. i kinda lost motivation for this story since i have absolutely NO FUCKING CLUE what i'm doing and have no plans for the future of this story. there is a story we have started that i do sort of have plans for, so please, feel free to read that.

i'll try and update more, i'm sorry. also, thank you to everyone that commented support during the little hiatus thing! it meant so much. thank you.

this chapter could have been better, but there is now a little more information on why, exactly, george doesn't like his voice. not everything, but something. i'm trying to start diving into that.

thank you for your support.

the silence was blissful. the company was blissful. everything was pure bliss.

sitting here, the sun shining in and warming all three of the boys sitting in the living room, like their own personal heater. everything was quiet, and that was the way george liked it.

he was curled against his boyfriend, his head resting on his shoulder while dream quietly dozed off. sapnap was sitting in a chair not far away.

they had all collectively decided to stay indoors today, maybe take advantage of the fact that dream had a pool in his backyard to get rid of the florida heat and humidity.

george had never felt so blissful in his life. he had never felt just joy, the emotion running through his veins like heroin. he couldn't remember the last time he had felt so good, not since his father-

"so, how does it feel to finally be with the boy you've been pining for for so long, george?" sapnap cut through the silence, and cut through george's thoughts before he had a chance to dive down that road again.

the brunette simply rolled his eyes in response, and he felt a chuckle rumble out of dream's chest.

"don't worry, george, i'll speak for you," dream started, wrapping a strong arm around george's small body. "i'm sure it's great, since i'm the absolute best, and i'm incredibly handsome,"

george giggled lightly.

"-plus i'm absolutely marvelous in bed."

george quickly moved away and slapped his hand against dream's arm.

dream erupted into laughter, sapnap following shortly after, while george groaned and hid his face in his hands, curling up on the opposite side of the couch.

“oh, don’t tell me that you two have already slept together. not with me in the same house. oh god, you guys are-“

“no.” george cut in, shaking his head and interrupting his friend before he could continue.

the laughter continued, the atmosphere in the room bubbling and bright, everyone’s mood high and contagious.

even despite how pleasant everything was, george’s head still throbbed with the volume. maybe he wasn’t doing as well as he thought he was. how sad.

the laughter died down eventually, and dream and sapnap continued conversation, thankfully having strayed from the topic of the lovers sleeping together.

george blocked out the conversation to the best of his ability, his eyes remaining shut even after he had lowered his hands from his face and into his lap. god, he wished he could handle loud noises. he wished he could handle listening to his friend and boyfriend laugh together without getting a headache that made him feel like his brain was going to explode out of his skull and litter the walls. he wished he hadn’t been screamed at over and over again to shut up and stop making so much noise, wished he hadn’t of had to deal with his father saying such hurtful words. george wished he wasn’t still so hung up on the words spoken to him so long ago.

george wished he wasn’t so fucking *weak*.

“hey, george?” dream’s voice spoke beside him, causing the british boy to open his eyes and look at his boyfriend.

oh, clay. how much he adored clay.

“is everything alright?”

george nodded in response to dream’s question, the movement an automatic response to the question.

dream knew he was lying, but he wasn’t going to press it. not when sapnap was around. as much as he loved the texas boy, he wasn’t always the best with serious situations.

dream scooted over, and pulled george closer to him, grabbing one of his hands and interlacing their fingers. the younger boy brought their connected hands up, and pressed his lips against the skin on the back of george’s hand. it was the least he could do in this moment.

george was happy, he had to remind himself of that.

he had to be happy.

another a/ n :(

hello dears, i'm so sorry that i haven't written. i feel awful, truly. i've gotten so many comments saying you cant wait for another chapter, and i promise you that you WILL GET ONE! i just don't know when yet.

however,

i kind of wanna start a one shot book! it would give you guys something to read and be something i could put more energy into!

of course i only wanna do whatever you guys want, so please do let me know how you feel about it :) the first one shot would be based around comfort crowd by conan gray, and ANYTHING you guys may want me to write!

plus it gives me a way to interact with you guys more :)))

it would be dnf too most likely, but should you guys want anything else i could fit in in there.

anyways! yes! thank you so much for all of your support on this story, it means a lot. i promise this story is going to be abandoned, but i just cannot promise an update anytime soon.

please do let me know how you feel about a one shot work though :)

ily all

-sourschlatt

hurt

Chapter Summary

update!!! after forever!!! yay!! surprise!!!

idk about this one, but i hope you all enjoyed it anyways

ily

“hey, uh, george?”

george turned around from his spot on the bench before the clear pool, furrowing his eyebrows as he came face to face with dream. a small smile spread into his lips, looking at his lover with fond eyes.

dream look worried, his lips forming a small pout and the expression in his eyes making it clear that the gears in his head had been turning for a while. what the floridian boy could have been thinking about, george had no clue.

“come sit.” george mumbled, scooting over and patting the spot next to him. he turned, his spine against the metal arm as he brought his knees to his chest, allowing himself to have his full attention turned to dream.

dream came and sat down, his right hand instantly coming to rest on george’s knee, rubbing small circles onto the fabric covering his skin with his thumb.

“are you okay?” dream asked quietly, watching george’s face falter at the question. oh god, what was he doing wrong? they had only been together for a few days.

“yes.” george said quietly, his voice barely more than a whisper and nearly inaudible over the sound of the slight wind and the chirping of the birds. all of that sound seemed to stop after he said that simple word, however.

“george-“

“i said i’m okay.” the brunette hissed out, his voice a lot more aggressive than what he had originally planned for it to be, and the way that dream flinched made george nauseous with guilt, the feeling writing around in his stomach and chest like a parasite, his own harsh words piercing his own heart with the sharp teeth.

“i don’t- i don’t understand.” dream said quietly after a few moments of silence. his hand fell from george’s knee and the smaller boy was instantly longing for the contact, but refused to move and grab at his boyfriend’s hand.

boyfriend. dream was his boyfriend and he was already hiding things from him.

george remained silent, turning his head away from the scene in front of him and towards the nature in dream’s backyard. there wasn’t much that he hadn’t already seen, and at this point even the singular leaves looked familiar, but it was still something to turn his attention away from what

was happening.

“you god uoset after nick said something.” dream mumbled once the atmosphere between them started to get uncomfortable. george was thankful for the break in silence, but now anxiety was dancing with the guilt in his body.

george stayed silent still, his mouth refusing to make words despite how badly he wanted to ask dream to stop talking.

“it- it was after he told you to shut up.”

george swallowed, his brown eyes burning with that familiar feeling that he didn’t want to welcome, but his body was doing so without his consent.

“is there something underlying here, george?” dream asked when there still was no answer, reaching out to place a hand on his lovers small thigh.

george stood abruptly, clenching his hands into fists by his sides, taking a deep breath before he decided to speak.

“stop. stop prying. i don’t want to tell you.” george said, his voice laced with anger.

but he wasn’t angry. he was scared.

“george,” dream started, standing up and placing a hand on george’s shoulder, only for it to be ripped out from underneath him.

“don’t touch me.”

please touch me. please hold me, clay. tell me it’s gonna be okay. please. i need you.

“please,” dream whispered, his voice breaking. he want a very emotional guy, and it was rare that he let things like this get to him. usually he would fight back, use his own harsh words against the other person. but this was george. he was in love.

“i shouldn’t have come here.” george said, turning on his heel and walking into the house.

that was the breaking point for dream in that moment, and he felt his body go numb, his knee buckling underneath his weight.

he swallowed, looking down at his hand, which had ben locked with george’s on his couch only a little while beforehand.

if dream wasn’t worried before, he was certainly worried now. and hurt.

really, really hurt.

a/n :)

hi everyone!

i have been getting so much support on this story over the past couple of weeks, and i cannot thank you all enough for it. i know a lot of you are going to be disappointed that this isn't an update, but i do have some good news for you all!

i'm going to rewrite this!

since i'm going to rewrite it, that means better plot, more consistent updates, and more audience interaction!

bad news is it will be on a different account. of course i will make an update here and let you all know where it is just so you don't see it and think "...uhhhhhh", haha!

i'm sorry you guys haven't gotten anything new, but i promise that you will with the rewrite :)

i'm excited to share more with you guys. i love you all.

—sourschlatt

p.s how would you guys feel about quiet with a little bit more control from you guys?

last a/n

it's back boys! here you go.

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/27945020/chapters/68438105>

quiet is back and better than ever! i hope to see you all there.

End Notes

hi there. this is my first dnf story, so please give me some time to get used to this :) i hope you enjoyed this starter thing.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!